

PRICE TEN CENTS.

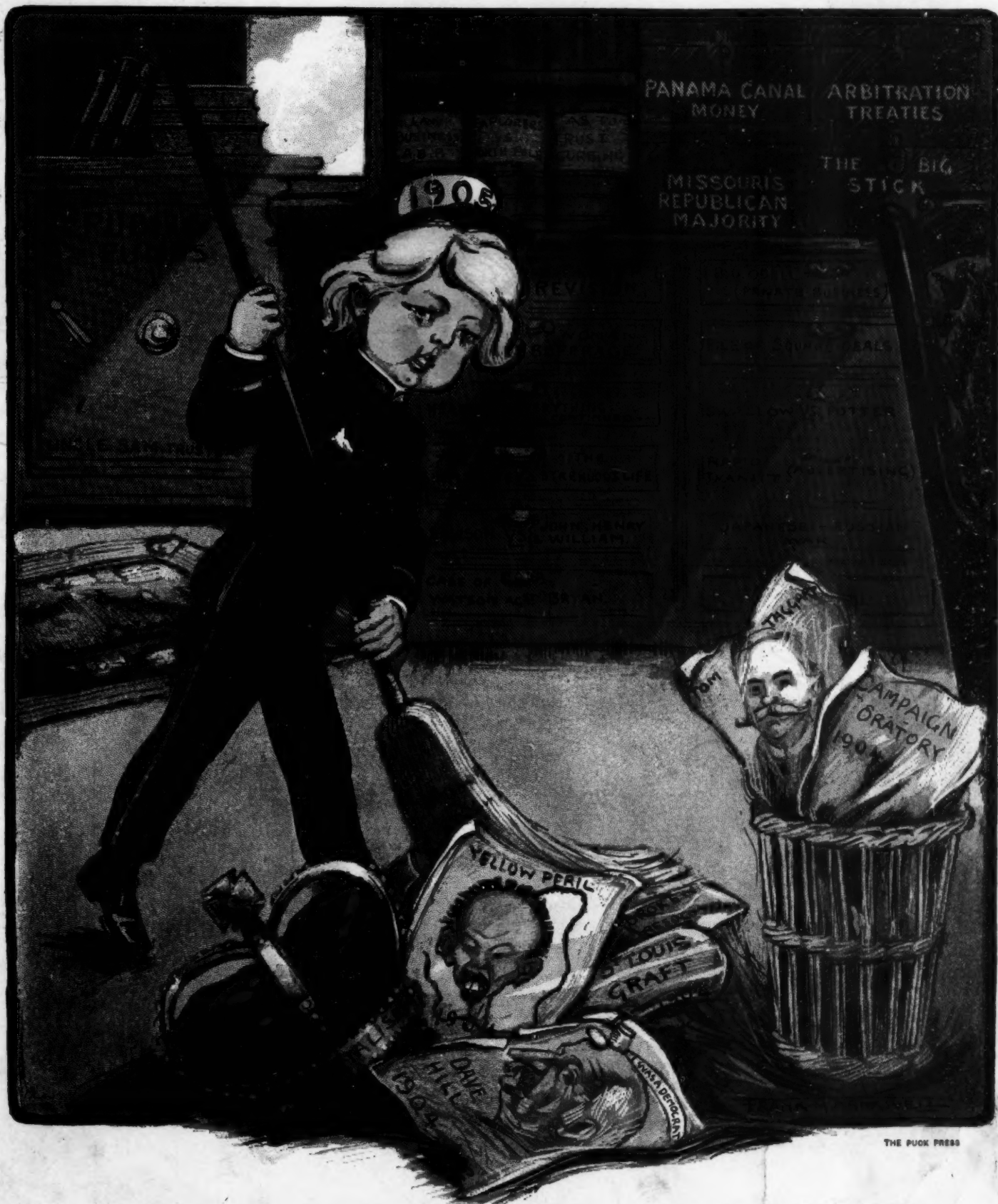
"What Fools these Mortals be!"

*These Mortals be!"*

# Suck

Copyright, 1905, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THE NEW BOY, JANUARY 1, 1905.

# Duck's

## VIEWS AND REVIEWS

IT IS curious how as time advances our great problems sink into insignificance alongside of those which the passing of the days develops.

Years ago it was what shall we do with the surplus that vexed our souls. Then what shall we do with the deficit created in the public funds by the Harrison administration. Following that was what shall we do with Bryan, what shall we do to Spain, what shall we do with the Philippines, and now comes the year of grace 1905 with what shall we do with Lawson. A proper solution of all our other problems has been reached, and it is possible that the disposition of Lawson will come about as easily and naturally as that of the others, but we are inclined to doubt it. The fact is that Lawson while not representing a new force does represent a new energy. He is irrepressible and so wholly independent of all known rules of fair fighting that he is as difficult to deal with as a whist partner who frankly does not know the difference between a two-spot and a visiting card. He crops up when and where he is least expected and he heaves his bricks so indiscriminately that he is as likely to hit a bishop or a judge as a votary of Frenzied Finance. He is becoming a menace to public comfort if not to the public peace, but suppression would give him an importance that we do not think he deserves. If he were to be whacked over the head it would make a martyr of him. But if he is ignored what shall we think of the people whose names he is dragging through the mire? If shaking one's fist in another man's face in public places is disorderly conduct, what does the filling of the newspapers with threats to do up one's enemies on sight amount to? On the other hand, what is to be thought of the procedure of the men who threaten the legitimate business of a legitimate news company with dire things on a mere bluff subsequently confessed? Without having any particular sympathy with the red, white and blue-eyed financiers he is



holding up to public scorn, the men who are gradually absorbing all the money there is in the world, and all there is likely to be in the future, we must say that we deem the public continuance of Lawson as more or less of a nuisance, but how to squelch him—that is the problem. Possibly his is a strike of sufficient importance to warrant the intervention of the President in a private capacity. Possibly and more likely it is a question for the Boards of Health in various parts of the country to tackle—in any event the Sage of Scituate is a live question and Puck suggests that the sooner he is taken up the sooner he will be put down.

MR. BRYAN was recently locked in a room with a "sizzling radiator" and literally roasted for ninety minutes. Well, he should be immune by this time. He has been roasted by his enemies ever since 1896 and ought to be used to it.

PUCK HAS never been particularly enthusiastic over the statesman-like qualities of Senator Depew, but compared to him in real statesmanship, petty political intrigue out of the question, ex-Governor Frank S. Black looms up to the size of a pebble alongside of the Rock of Gibraltar. From the beginning of his political career to this hour of his announcement of his candidacy for the Senatorship of the State of New York, he has demonstrated the possession of no single qualification which should entitle him to a moment's consideration as a remote possibility for senatorial honors. The

memory of the public is not usually a long one, but in this case it is long enough to remember with what humiliation the intelligence of the Empire State regarded the occupancy of this man of the Governorship of New York. The most forgetful of us have not forgotten the havoc he played with pretty nearly every institution in the public service that he touched with his hand, and the sigh of relief that went up when at last even his own party refused him a renomination and sent him into what was hoped would



be his lasting retirement from official life, is one of the things that through the murk of the past five or six years every one remembers. Correspondingly repugnant, therefore, is his assumption that at this time any but the intriguing forces of the Boss desire his elevation to Senatorial dignities. He will not find in a year's search of this state a vestige of desirable sentiment for his preferment; and if, by the machinations of the Grocery Department at the Capital, he succeeds in winning the prize from the scores of good men who would honor their party in the office he seeks, men easily named without a moment's reflection, it will be a victory which will be as empty of real honor as it will be a disgrace to the State of New York.

MR. JAMES R. GARFIELD wants the corporations of the United States regulated by Federal franchises or licenses, and Puck is inclined to think that Mr. Garfield is right. It is really time we gave that Department of Commerce and Labor something to do. It may be a little rough on the corporations, but after all they are not very sensitive beings, and we have no doubt that there are enough clever lawyers in the country to enable them to see their way out of any restraints which the law would seek to impose upon them. But that Department should be put to work on something. We can't afford to establish officially a leisure class in this country.

THE CZAR appears to have a genius for doing the wrong thing when a great opportunity presents itself to him. Last week PUCK expressed the hope that this misguided young man would turn his back upon the reactionary forces of the Russian Empire which are leading him and his people into chaos, and, availing himself of the brilliant opportunity afforded him by the Zemstvos, take the first decided step toward liberty and enlightenment. Instead of this, His Majesty returns an ill-natured snub to his petitioners, tells them that the welfare of Russia is none of their business and that he regards their interference in his

affairs as presumptuous and tactless. Like that idle and futile old person, King Canute of ancient days, who tried to sweep back the waves of the ocean from their encroachment upon what he fondly dreamed were his sands, the Czar is simply setting his face against the inexorable march of progress and appears to think that his poor, puny personality is going to withstand its crushing force. We are sorry for him, but perhaps it is the better for mankind that he persist in the old despotic rut for a little while longer. Every bit of resistance which he offers to the progressive movements of the hour but hastens the day when he and his kind will go down into the ruck to give place to the rising sun of liberty. That day cannot come too soon, and the Czar's present futility of purpose is possibly a blessing in disguise in that it advances the ultimate hour by just so much as he strives to put it off.







**MRS. RAFFLES**  
BEING THE ADVENTURES OF AN AMATEUR CRACKSWOMAN  
NARRATED BY BUNNY  
Edited By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE *Herald* PERSONAL.

THAT I WAS in a hard case is best attested by the fact that when I had paid for my Sunday *Herald* there was left in my purse just one tuppence halfpenny stamp and two copper cents, one dated 1873, the other 1894. The mere incident that at this hour eighteen months later I can recall the dates of these coins should be proof if any were needed of the importance of the coppers in my eyes, and therefore of the relative scarcity of funds in my possession. Raffles was dead—killed as you may remember at the battle of Spion Kop—and I, his companion who had never known want while his deft fingers were able to carry out the plans of that insinuating and marvellous mind of his, was now, in the vernacular of the American, up against it. I had come to the United States, not because I had any liking for that country or its people, who to tell the truth are too sharp for an ordinary burglar like myself, but because with the war at an end I had to go somewhere and English soil was not safely to be trod by one who was required for professional reasons to evade the eagle eye of Scotland Yard until the Statute of Limitations began to have some bearing upon his case. That last affair of Raffles and mine, wherein we had successfully got away with the diamond stomacher of the Duchess of Herringdale, was still a live matter in British detective circles and the very audacity of the crime had definitely fastened the responsibility for it upon our shoulders. Hence it was America for me, where one could be as English as one pleased without being subject to the laws of His Majesty, King Edward the Seventh. For two years I had lead a precarious existence, not finding in the land of silk and money quite as many of those opportunities to add to the sum of my prosperity as the American War Correspondent I had met in the Transvaal led me to expect. Indeed after six months of successful lecturing on the subject of the Boers before various Lyceums in the country I was reduced to a state of penury which actually drove me to thievery of the pettiest and most vulgar sort. There was little in the way of mean theft that I did not commit. During the coal famine for instance, every day passing the coal yards to and fro, I would appropriate a single piece of the precious anthracite until I had come into possession of a scuttle full, and this I would sell to the suffering poor at prices varying from three shillings to two dollars and a half—a precarious living indeed. The only respite I received for six months was in the rape of the hansom cab, which I successfully carried through one bitter cold night in January. I hired the vehicle at Madison Square and drove to a small tavern on the Boston Post Road, where the icy cold of the day gave me an excuse for getting my cabby drunk in the guise of kindness. Him safely disposed of in a drunken stupor, I drove his jaded steed back to town, earned fifteen dollars with him before day-break and then leaving the cab in the Central Park, sold the horse for eighteen dollars to a snow removal contractor over on the East side. It was humiliating to me a gentleman born, and a partner of so illustrious a person as the late A. J. Raffles to have to stoop to such miserable doings to keep body and soul together, but I was forced to confess that whatever Raffles had left to me in the way of example, I was not his equal either in the conception of crime or in the nerve to carry a great enterprise through. My biggest coups had a way of failing at their very

beginning—which was about the only blessing I enjoyed since none of them progressed far enough to imperil my freedom, and lacking confederates, I was of course unable to carry through the profitable series of abductions in the world of High Finance that I had contemplated. Hence my misfortunes, and now on this Sunday morning, penniless but for the coppers and the postage stamp, with no breakfast in sight, and fortunately enough not even an appetite, I turned to my morning paper for my solace.

Running my eye up and down the personal column, which has for years been my favorite reading of Sunday mornings, I found the usual assortment of matrimonial enterprises recorded; pathetic appeals from P. D. to meet Q. on the corner of Twenty-Third street at three; imploring requests from J. A. K. to return at once to "His Only Mother" who promises to ask no questions; and finally,—could I believe my eyes now rivetted upon the word,—my own soubriquet, printed as boldly and as plainly as though I were some patent cure for all known human ailments. It seemed incredible, but there it was beyond all peradventure:

WANTED.—A Butler. BUNNY preferred. Apply to Mrs. A. J. Van Raffles, Bolivar Lodge, Newport, R. I.

To whom could that refer if not to myself, and what could it mean? Who was this Mrs. A. J. Van Raffles, a name so like that of my dead friend that it seemed almost identical? My curiosity was roused to concert pitch. If this strange advertiser should be—but no, she would not send for me after that stormy interview when she cast me over to take the hand of Raffles; the brilliant, fascinating Raffles who would have won his Isabella from Ferdinand, Chloe from her Corydon, Pierrette from Pierrot, ay even Heloise from Abelard. I never could find it in my heart to blame Henriette for losing her heart to him, even though she had already promised it to me, for I myself could not resist the fascination of the man at whose side I faithfully worked even after he had stolen from me this dearest treasure of my heart. And yet who else could it be if not the lovely Henriette? Surely the combination of Raffles and Bunny was not so usual as to permit of so remarkable a coincidence.

"I will go to Newport at once," I cried, rising and pacing the floor excitedly, for I had many times in cursing my loneliness dreamed of Henriette and had oftener and oftener of late found myself wondering what had become of her, and then the helplessness of my position burst upon me with full force. How should I, the penniless wanderer in New York, get to Bolivar Lodge at Newport? It takes money in this sordid country to get about even as it does in Britain—in sorry truth things in detail differ little whether one lives under a King or a President; poverty is quite as hard to bear, and free passes on the railroad are just as scarce.

"Curses on these plutocrats," I muttered as I thought of the railway directors rolling in wealth, running trains filled with empty seats to and from the spot that might contain my fortune, and I unable to avail myself of them for the lack of a paltry dollar or two. But suddenly the thought flashed over me—Telegraph collect. If it is she, she will respond at once.

And so it was that an hour later the following message was ticked over the wires:

Personal to-day's "*Herald*" received. Telegraph railway fare and I will go to you instantly.  
(Signed) BUNNY.



This coal I would sell to the suffering poor.

For three mortal hours I paced the streets feverishly awaiting the reply, and at two-thirty it came, disconcerting enough in all conscience.

"If you are not a bogus Bunny you will know how to raise the cash. If you are a bogus Bunny I don't want you."

It was simple, direct and convincing, and my heart fluttered like the drum-

beat's morning call to action the moment I read it.

"By Jove!" I cried. "The woman is right, of course. It must be Henriette and I'll go to her if I have to rob a nickel-in-the-slot machine."

It was as of old. Faint-hearted I always was until some one gave me a bit of encouragement. A word of praise or cheer from Raffles in the old days and I was ready to batter down Gibraltar, a bit of discouragement and a rag was armor plate beside me.

"If you are not a bogus Bunny you will know!" I read, spreading the message out before me. "That is to say, she believes that if I am really myself I can surmount the insurmountable. Gad! I'll do it." And I set off hot foot up Fifth Avenue hoping to discover, or by cogitation in the balmy air of the spring time afternoon, to conceive of some plan to relieve my necessities. But, somehow or other, it would n't come. There were no pockets about to be picked in the ordinary way. I had n't the fare for a ride on the surface or elevated cars where I might have found an opportunity to relieve some traveller of his purse, and as for snatching such a thing from some shopper, it was Sunday and the women who would have been an easy prey on a bargain day carried neither purse nor side-bag with them. I was in despair, and then the pealing bells of St. Jondy's, the spiritual home of the multi-millionaires of New York, rang out the call to afternoon service,—it was



The whole contents fell at my feet.

like an invitation—the way was clear. My plan was laid in an instant, and it worked beyond my most hopeful anticipations. Entering the church I was ushered to a pew about halfway up the centre aisle—despite my poverty I had managed to keep myself always well groomed, and no one would have guessed to look at my faultless frock coat and neatly creased trousers, at my finely gloved hand and polished top hat, that my pockets held scarcely a brass farthing. The service proceeded. A good sermon on the Vanity of Riches found lodgment in my ears and then the supreme moment came. The collection plate was passed and gripping my two pennies in my hand I made as if to place them in the salver, but with studied awkwardness I knocked the alms platter from the hands of the gentleman who passed it. The whole contents and the platter as well fell at my feet and from my lips in reverent whispers poured forth no end of most abject apologies. Of course I assisted in recovering the fallen bills and coins, and in less time than it takes to tell it the vestryman was proceeding on his way up the aisle, gathering in the contributions from other generously disposed persons as he went as unconsciously as though the contretemps had never occurred, and happily unaware that out of the monies cast to the floor by my awkward act two yellow-backed fifty-dollar bills, five half-dollars, and a dime remained behind under the hassock at my feet, whither I had managed to push them with my toe whilst offering my apologies.

An hour later, having dined heartily at Cherise's, I was comfortably napping in a Pullman car on my way to the Social Capital of the United States.

[NEXT WEEK: *The Adventure of The Newport Villa.*]

#### DRAWING THE LINE.

"ER-H'M!—Uncle John," began a neighbor, whose matrimonial barque often bumped more or less ominously against the rocks of conjugal infelicity, "my wife and I have got a dispute to going that I wish you would come over and settle for us?"

"Now, looky here, Lester!" returned the Old Codger, severely. "I hate peace as much as anybody, I s'pose; but I reely can't go as far as all that."

#### FRENZIED FINANCE.

THE FARMER (*excitedly*).—Say, Mister Constubble, I've jest bin bunkered out uv ev-ry durn cent!

THE POLICEMAN (*irritably*).—Well, don't holler to me, you come-on! I ain't no magazine publisher!

#### HIS SIZE.

"PA, a Pharisee—?"  
"A Pharisee, my son, is a shaven-upper-lipped gentleman who is opposed to everything of doubtful propriety that cannot be concealed or kept quiet."

#### A DEFINITION.

"PA," said little Johnny, "what is a snob?"

"A snob, my son, is a slob raised to the nth power through the medium of money," pleasantly replied his sage Dad.



THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY.

DOLLY.—What? Jack stole something right under her very nose, and she did n't mind?  
DICK.—No, really. It was a kiss.

#### A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

IF PRESIDENT MELLEN of the New Haven road cannot personally represent Connecticut in the United States Senate, we suggest that he send his train dispatcher in his stead.

Who would shine more conspicuously in committee, especially in the little matter of tariff legislation? Who else would be such a master of schedules? Who could hold up legislation so skillfully, or lay off so many bills?

The tariff has been defined as a local issue. Mr. Mellen's train dispatcher knows all about locals. Who would know better how to sidetrack a local necessity and give the right of way to some favored infant industry? Just the man, to our thinking.

#### ABSTINENCE WITH A VENGEANCE.

MRS. FLYNN.—My Moike swore off drinkin' a month ago to-day.  
MRS. GLYNN.—Shure an' thot's nothin'; my old man has sworn off a dozen toimes in th' last three wakes.

#### FROM THE POLKVILLE (ARK.) CLARION.

THE Debating Society discussed the case at considerable length, night before last—during which no one was shot, and only two gentlemen thrown out—and ultimately exonerated the late Nero from the charge of fiddling while Rome was burning. Truly, the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they invariably arrive with the goods.

#### IN HIGH SOCIETY.

REGGIE.—Say, Sis, I d' know what it's all about, but if Ma is a grass-widow now—and somebody said she was—does that make us two grass-orphanes?

THERE ARE a number of things which are absolutely impracticable unless you try them.





# PUCK

## WHEN ART IS HIGH-FINANCED.

[J. Pierpont Morgan is now president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.]

**WALL STREET.**—Another Bear raid on the Old Master group took place to-day on the Stock Exchange. Reubens Common was driven from 154¾ to 146 in two hours. Vandykes, hitherto as firm as United States 4's, dropped down below par and remained there till closing. There was a brief rally in Italian securities, Titian, Raphael and Salvator Rosa, but even these broke badly, as did the whole list, in fact, when Sir Joshua Reynolds Preferred sank like a shot, under pressure of Bear Raids, from 96 to 79¾.

**LONDON.**—The market to-day opened indifferently. Rembrandts were slightly easier. Raphaels were quiet, but Reubens fell off sharply during the early trading and had only partially recovered at noon. The whole market, in fact, was off; paint, marble and bronze.

**PARIS.**—Prices on the Bourse to-day opened feeble and with a marked downward tendency. The Dutch securities, Reubens, Rembrandt and Vandyke, were strongest of the Old Master group, but generally speaking, the market had a bad tone throughout. Velasquez Common passed another dividend.

**BERLIN.**—The condition of the markets in New York, London and Paris had little or no effect upon prices on the Boerse to-day. There was considerable short selling of Carl Van Loo, Raphael and the American Industrial, Benjamin West, but the rest of the list held firm. Rembrandts were heaviest dealt in, but Michelangelos made the biggest advance over yesterday. Reubens were cheerful and steady.

A. H. F.



### THE TEST OF EXCELLENCE.

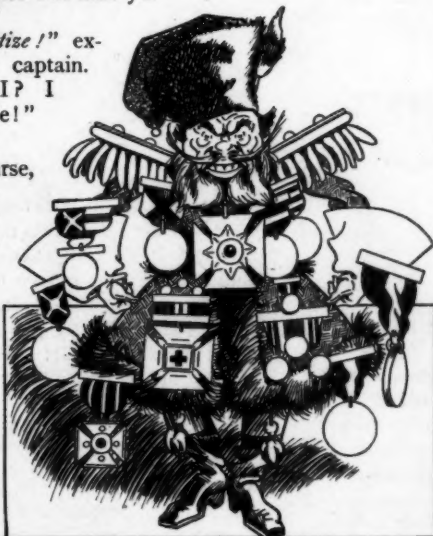
**MISS ELITELY.**—Really, I think this theater is the finest in the city.  
**HER FATHER.**—Why—er—quite a few complain that its acoustic properties are poor.  
**MISS ELITELY.**—Perhaps—but just think! There are four great big mirrors in the lobby and three in the foyer.

### ON THE RURAL STEAMBOAT.

**"LOOK HERE, cap,"** growled the early arrival, "why in tarnashun did n't yew advertize wot time yer excurshun was t' start!"  
**"Advertize! Advertize!"** exclaimed the indignant captain.  
**"Lor' bless you, did n't I? I told Hank Michaels' wife!"**

**SOME PATRIOTS**, of course, insist on liberty or death, but the average mortal is willing to make it liberty or defeat after a hard fight.

**IN THE** day of John Locke, gent., all human knowledge was held to come from sensation and reflection. The decadence of the editorial and the size of the head put on the sensation indicate that reflection is now going out.



As the Czar does it.



As the Mikado does it.

### THE DECORATION OF A RUSSIAN.

### 'ORRIBLE.

Quoth a tourist in dreamy Siam:  
 "My word! What a duffer I am!  
 To 'ave sailed over 'ere,  
 To be gone 'awf a year,  
 And forgotten me Baedeker. Damn!"

### IDENTIFIED.

**HOOOLIGAN.**—Phwat koind of a looking man is that Murfey?  
**HINNESY.**—He looks a good dale loike yourself, ownly more so.

### A CORRECT DIAGNOSIS.

**LITTLE ELMER.**—Papa, what is a perfect gentleman?  
**PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.**—A perfect gentleman, my son, is a man who, when you start to tell him your troubles, does not break in and try to tell you his.

**WHERE** the king is an artist and knows how to play on the people's prejudices, as in Germany, or where the people's prejudices are so strong that they play on themselves like a pianola, as in England, monarchy is beyond doubt the soundest and solidest of governments.

**THE** man who said a person can get used to anything probably never tried living with his relatives.

**CRITICISM** HURTS some people so much that the only thing that sustains them is the absolute knowledge that they are always right.

**What a world this would be if all the people who are making history were trying to turn out the right kind of a job!**



# PUCK



**T**is a gallant yarn of France  
In the days that never were.  
All the puppets of romance  
Speed the tale of Him and Her  
Till is reached the scene of scenes  
(All else is but prefatory):  
"To his cheek her cheek she leans,  
And they kiss!" — So runs the story.

Thus the pair you glimpse above  
Spell out Life's romantic tale.  
Love is Life, and Life is Love,  
All else is but mere detail.  
They have reached the scene of scenes:  
"Chapter XXX — Amatory."  
To his cheek her cheek she leans,  
And they kiss! — So runs the story.

Everything that goes before  
Merest prelude is to this.  
Why do Princes go to war? —  
Just that He and She may kiss.  
Warriors in coats of mail  
Die like flies for grub and glory —  
Insignificant detail!  
Did they kiss? We want the story.

---

**I**t takes some people a long time to find out that success and happiness are not synonymous.



THE VIEW POINT.



"-R-R-R! It's no excuse at all!" snarled, in the midst of the Sit and Argue Club, the Old Codger, who had of late been a zealous student of that humorous serial, *Maniacal Money*. "It's no excuse to ask why we should blame the plutocrats and octopusses, or octopies (or however you spell it) for robbing us, when anybody else would do the same thing if they had the ability and the

opportunity. It don't in the least condone the fact that the poor are growing poorer and the rich are growing fatter, to remark, in a pharisaical way and through our noses, that we'd cut exactly the same caper if we had the chance. It's no justification for graft of any sort, from the pan-handling at a church fair to the plundering of a great municipality, to say somebody else would have done it if the real criminals had n't. 'Business is business' is no extenuation for swindling. When we condone an act of financial immorality, be it great or small, by such pharisaism, we by so doing tacitly, at least, place ourselves on a par with the—"

"Yes, but look a-here, 'Squire!" remonstrated Hi Spry. "We don't always do it. F'r instance, we don't any of us indorse your action in warrantin' to be without fault that 'ere hoss that you swapped off onto Deacon Peddicord; and then informin' the Deacon, when he carped, as I s'pose you 'd call it, about the animal's bein' blind in one eye, that blindness is an affliction and not a fault."

"Aw, that 's an—ar-h'm—entirely different proposition," returned the veteran, a bit abashed. "A hully different matter, Hiram. The Deacon would a-did to me what I done to him, if he 'd had the chance; and, besides, hoss-tradin' stands in a class by itself."

COMPENSATION.

THE pastor blamed these gowns of theirs,  
But his censures did n't gall so  
Much, for though he gave them fits,  
The tailor he had, also.

BOOK REVIEW.

A VOLUME of poetry comes to us from the pen of Master Percy Pushpen, aged six months, with the publisher's affidavit that he received no help from older persons. The poem "Night," which we quote, is remarkable for its deep insight into human nature, luminous style, and originality of treatment—qualities seldom found in one so young.

NIGHT.

Da da da da da?  
Oo oo oo oo oo;  
Ba ba ba ba ba,  
Boo hoo hoo hoo  
hoo!

HEROISM.

THE actress stood before her mirror, in doublet and hose, and regarded her thin legs anxiously.

"I'm not exactly a poem," said she, "but I may pass for heroic verse."

RICHES HAVE wings but the flying-machine inventor hopes to get after them directly.



JUST THE THING!

CARRIE.—I've got a dandy idea for a girls' secret society.  
BELLE.—A secret society! Do you think it would be practical?  
CARRIE.—Surely. We would n't keep secrets; we'd swap them.



ON THE FIRING LINE.

"Yes, the Professor asked me what man, in my opinion, had contributed most to the drama's popularity."  
"And you told him—?"  
"I told him, in my opinion, the inventor of the opera glass."

ECONOMY.

THE honorable members of Congress, which was in session, were somewhat surprised when a stately woman appeared on the floor. As she seemed lost, one of the dignified body courteously offered his services.

"Pardon me," he said, "but you are evidently trying to find your way to the gallery. You know visitors are not permitted on this floor."

"But I am one of the cardinal virtues," she replied.

The dignified member seemed slightly incredulous.

"Yes," she continued, "I am Economy."

Seeing that no one recognized her, she passed out.

HIS DECISION.

DIOGENES was asked why he had ceased his quest for an honest man and lingered all day in his home-like tub.

"What is the use?" he returned, pessimistically. "Thomas W. Lawson won't be born for more than a thousand years yet." With that he blew out his lantern.

There would be an enormous increase in production if we were all paid what we think we are worth—and earned the money.

PICK

## TODAY'S SALES

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE  
J. STOCKSON BONDS.

GRAY H. 60 YRS OLD; \$10,000,000.  
RELIABLE; STEADY GOING; WILL  
SELL TO HIGHEST CASH BIDDER,  
OR EXCHANGE FOR ONE BROKEN  
TO DIVORCES. REASON FOR SALE,  
TOO SLOW FOR PRESENT OWNER.  
- MRS. LUCE MARRIGE BONDS  
PRACTICALLY GIVEN AWAY!

W. FLIPPANCY DE PIPP;

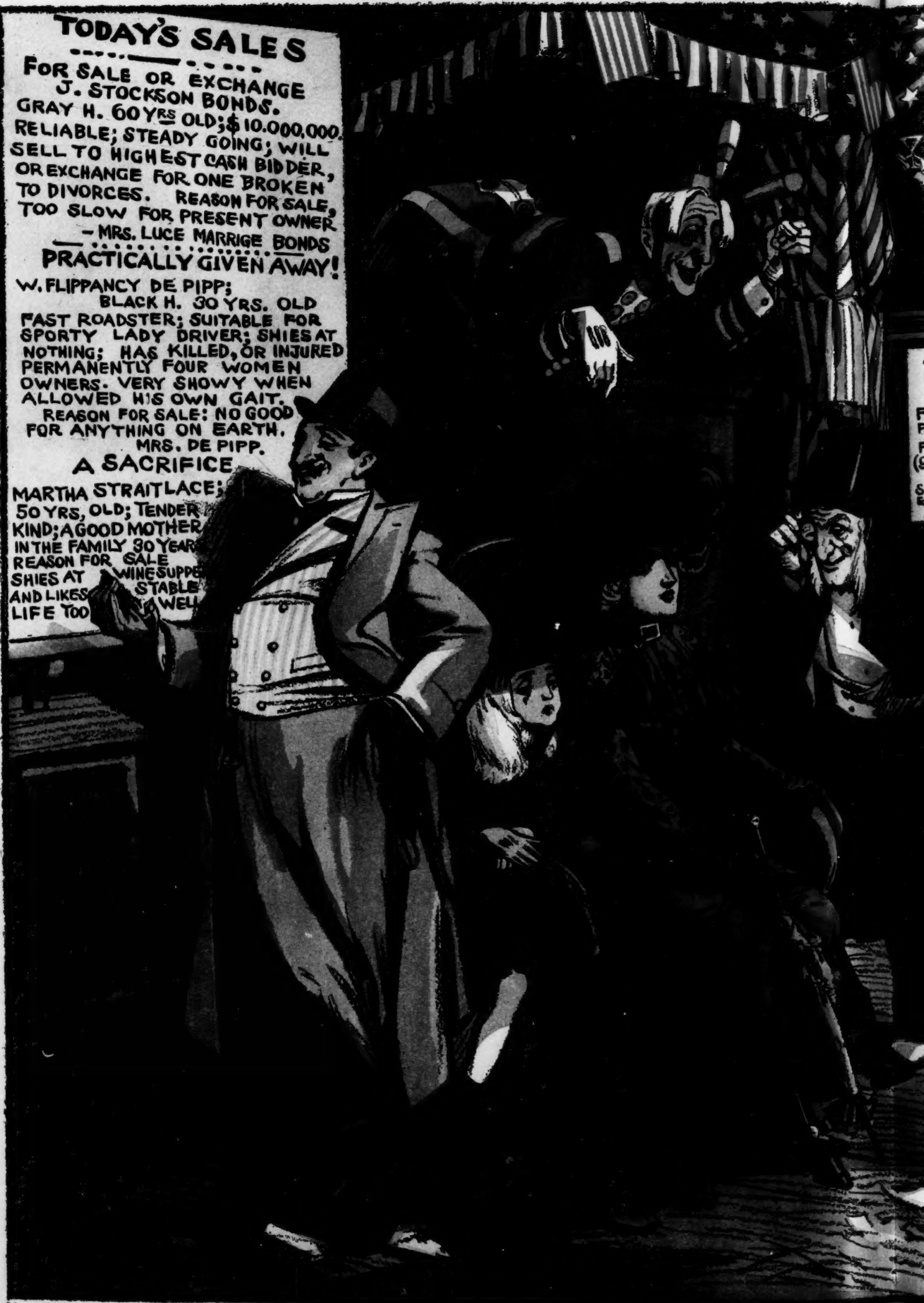
BLACK H. 30 YRS. OLD  
FAST ROADSTER; SUITABLE FOR  
SPORTY LADY DRIVER; SHIES AT  
NOTHING; HAS KILLED, OR INJURED  
PERMANENTLY FOUR WOMEN  
OWNERS. VERY SHOWY WHEN  
ALLOWED HIS OWN GAIT.  
REASON FOR SALE: NO GOOD  
FOR ANYTHING ON EARTH.

MRS. DE PIPP.

### A SACRIFICE

MARTHA STRAITLACE;

50 YRS, OLD; TENDER  
KIND; A GOOD MOTHER  
IN THE FAMILY 30 YEARS  
REASON FOR SALE  
SHIES AT WINE SUPPER  
AND LIKES STABLE  
LIFE TOO



THE DIVERSIONS OF

The Matrimon





SIONS OF HIGH SOCIETY.  
The Matrimonial Mart.

MRS. CHADWICK'S MARKET LETTER.

MRS. CHADWICK'S MARKET LETTER.

## INVESTORS AND DEPOSITORS—WARNING

For several weeks, assisted by the police and the press, I have been educating the people to an appreciation of the unlimited number of **easy marks** existing in America to-day.

My! it's terrible. The people are indirectly plundered of their savings by "the system"—silly old bank presidents, mushy cashiers, fat-headed directors, and foolish millionaires—every one of whom ought to have a guardian.

After consulting with Federal officials and my lawyers, I conclude that the people are awakening to **the truth**.

Have you been following my perfectly remarkable story, "Frizzes and Finance"?

Ain't it **great**?

I am telling you the baldheaded truth, without any frizzes—no one dares contradict.

If "the system" was not made up of **easy marks**, I should have been in prison long ago. My! I should say so.

I could not possibly have escaped.

"The system" has made frenzied attempts to show that I am a **hypnotist**, that I used mental knock-out drops.

This is clever, smart, the only thing to do under the circumstances. **But it is a lie.**

A woman with half my brains could have done them just as easily. They were easy marks. **That's all!**

"The system" must have some excuse. It must convince the

people that it is safe to entrust their savings and investments to banks and millionaires.

But Aunt Cassie will put "the system" on the blink.

Having worked "the system" good and proper, and intending **to strike again**, my present philanthropic purpose is to show the people how they can **stand "the system" on its head**.

Now hush! Listen to Aunt Cassie:

I ask the people hereafter to put their **ready money** in stockings, between mattresses, under the floor, in the coal bin or in the refrigerator.

Anywhere **except** in banks.

My! I guess that will stand "the system" on its head.

I am going to strike again. **Watch my smoke.**

The doings you have been reading about were the merest preliminaries. I am going to have several more frenzies. Have a frenzy with me.

Bank presidents are doing the baby act, cashiers are whining like puppies, millionaires are throwing fits.

And I am only in the mild preliminary stages yet. Ha! ha!

While waiting for me to strike again make no mistake. Do not delay. To the stocking and the coal bin with your ready cash.

**When the real work begins the banks of Ohio and elsewhere, the Pittsburg angels and "the system" in general will look like a snowball in Hades.**

## CARNEGIE PREFERRED

Last Tuesday I publicly said:

"Sell your Carnegie notes."

All that day, Tuesday, holders of Carnegie Preferred could have sold at an average of 74. Several million holders took my advice.

I myself did not sell a note, but uttered several hundred thousand more.

I repeat what I said to holders of Carnegie Preferred:

Sell your notes now before it is too late.

If you can't sell them, give them away.

## AUNT CASSIE'S MAGAZINE

I advise the population of the United States to purchase the January number of *Aunt Cassie's Magazine*.

The edition has been increased to 80,000,000, which is as many as the two presses can print. Every copy will be sold before noon of the day of issue.

My only interest in *Aunt Cassie's Magazine* is to get my story, "Frizzes and Finance," before every man, woman and child in the world by the time I begin my second section—"Millionaires I Have Hornswoggled."

**CASSIE CHADWICK.**

BOUND TO SAVE.





## PUCK

### SHYLOCK MODERNIZED.

(The Trial Scene.)

PORTIA.—Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.  
 SHYLOCK.—Give me my principal, and let me go.  
 BASSANIO.—I have it ready for thee; here it is.  
 PORTIA.—He hath refused it in the open court;  
 He shall have merely justice, and his bond.  
 SHYLOCK.—Oh, mercy, learned Judge! I know I'm up  
 Against it good and hard, but by your leave,  
 One word I'll say to all assembled here.  
 Bear ye then witness; if it please the court,  
 I'll take of this man's flesh, no fulsome pound;  
 Nor yet an ounce; the thing I would remove  
 He does not know he has. Though great, 't is small.  
 Appendix is its name; its functions, nil;  
 But let it there remain, 't will cost him more  
 Than all the coin in this, poor Shylock's bond.  
 There'll come a moment when one large, swift pain  
 Will seize him, squirming, in a grip of woe;  
 Hot water bags and plasters naught will ease;  
 And then the leech will poke him hard and say:  
 "Thou hast appendicitis, sir, methinks."  
 With that, there'll come a padded wagonette  
 To take him to a hospital hard by.  
 A room there costs him twenty-five per week;  
 Of course, he'll want a private nurse—that's more;  
 Or two, perchance,—a nurse for night and day.  
 ANTONIO.—Oh gee, good Jew!  
 SHYLOCK.—Oh prithee, do not speak.  
 The worst is yet to come: the doctor's charge,  
 The consultation costs, the surgeon's fee,  
 Beside which other bills will fade away  
 And hide their heads in shame, so small they'll feel.  
 All this—Oh, learned Judge—to just remove  
 One bit of human plumbing. What's the bond,  
 Poor Shylock's bond, compared with this?  
 Just say my goods shall not be confiscate,  
 And I will save this man from such a fate.  
 ANTONIO.—Oh, say the word! I tremble as I think  
 How much a man's appendix sets him back.  
 THE DUKE.—He tells it well. If Tony don't object,  
 The Jew has my consent.  
 GRATIANO.—We'll form a line.  
 BASSANIO.—If all goes smoothly, he may take out mine.  
 PORTIA.—And mine!  
 NERISSA.—And mine!  
 THE DUKE (to Shylock).—Get thee gone, but do it.

A. H. F.

### THE SECRET OUT.

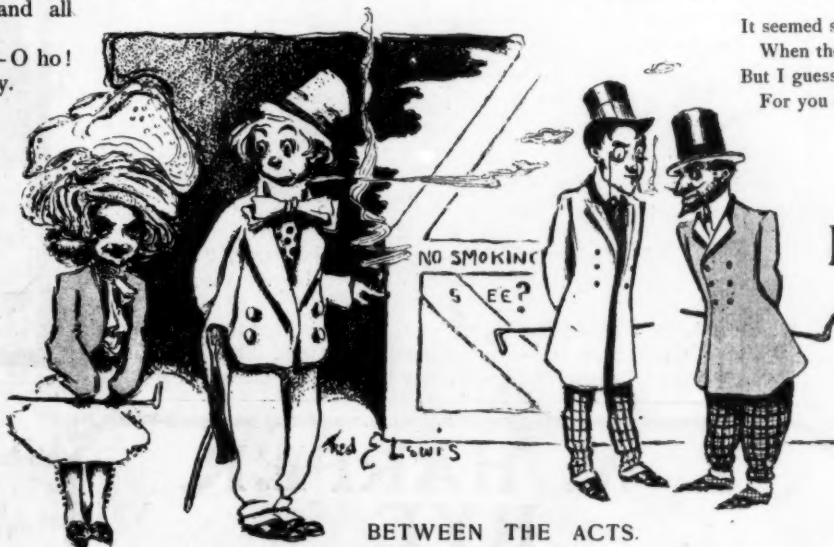
MRS. OATCAKE (reading newspaper).—Gracious me! Mr. Murdock has been arrested. It was discovered that he had twenty wives, and all are living!  
 FARMER OATCAKE.—O ho! another case of Brigham-y.

### BOOKS.

A DEFINITIVE edition of D. G. Rossetti. Definitive? Yes, it will contain pictures and full descriptions of everything and everybody that Rossetti ever saw, heard or thought of.

An edition of Thackeray, with an introduction by Bilkins. Does Thackeray need an introduction? No, but Bilkins does.

THE MAJORITY should rule but the minority should keep right on trying to show the majority how.



### BETWEEN THE ACTS.

THE SOUBRETTE.—Gee, but it's cold! D'jer notice the audience? Every one of 'em's wearin' wraps.  
 THE COMEDIAN.—Sure; but what can yer expect in this jay town? When we showed here last July, there was a frost, even then.



### ACCELERATING MATTERS.

REUBEN.—So yew think if we elope next week Wednesday yewr dad will shoot me?  
 CYNTHIA.—Sure thing, Rube! He says Monday is the very latest day he'll stand yewr tarnation hesitation!

### IN AMERICAN ATHENS.

"SHE married when very, very young."  
 "How young?"  
 "I don't know exactly, but she has often told me that she knew her heart before she knew her stomach."

### WAS IT?

WAS it wrong to let Ned kiss me,  
 As we stood in the hall last night?  
 With his dear, dear arms around me,  
 It could not seem but right.

Was it wrong to let him hold me  
 Clapsed tightly against his heart?  
 And to hear his dear voice whisper,  
 That we never again should part.

It seemed so very sweet there,  
 When the lights were burning dim.  
 But I guess it must be a wee bit wrong,  
 For you see I'm engaged to "Jim."  
 Alice Sargent.

### IN THE METROPOLIS.

HYPATIA was about to be torn limb from limb.  
 "It's no worse than going home on the street-cars at 6 o'clock," she concluded. Thus she was able to meet her fate without being rattled.

### FLEETING.

"FUNNY about those French Academy fellows."  
 "Sure! They're French."  
 "Yes, and they can't elect a new Immortal till one of the old ones dies."

ITS  
QUALITY  
UNEQUALED  
EXCELLENCE  
UNSURPASSED



ITS  
QUALITY  
UNEQUALED  
EXCELLENCE  
UNSURPASSED

## LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX —GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUX; THE LABEL AND BOTTLE FORMERLY USED HAVE BEEN ABANDONED. THE GENUINE ARTICLE WILL HENCEFORTH BE KNOWN ONLY AS LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX, DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,  
Bütjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,  
Sole Agents for United States.

### Five Days on Peaceful Waters

An Interesting Story of a Trip from

New York to New Orleans

VIA

## Southern Pacific

Elegant New Passenger Steamers

LEAVE NEW YORK EVERY WEDNESDAY  
AT NOON

Connecting at New Orleans with rail lines  
for all points in

Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico,  
Arizona, California

INQUIRE

Boston, 170 Washington St. Philadelphia, 639 Chestnut St.  
New York, 139 Broadway Baltimore, 820 No. Charles St.  
Syracuse, 129 So. Franklin St.

### Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable  
polish to all metals, but the polish

## Bar Keepers' Friend

Use it, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or  
wood, while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug-  
gists and dealers. Send 3c stamp for sample to George  
William Hoffman, 200 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

ON HIS return to the Baltic we ad-  
vise Admiral Ro-whatshisnamesky to  
keep a sharp look-out for herring-  
fishers.

A CHICAGO PAPER inquires as to  
"the best way to sleep." Our ex-  
perience has been that the best way to  
sleep is to climb into a bed, though  
there are those who prefer a chair in a  
quiet corner of a café.

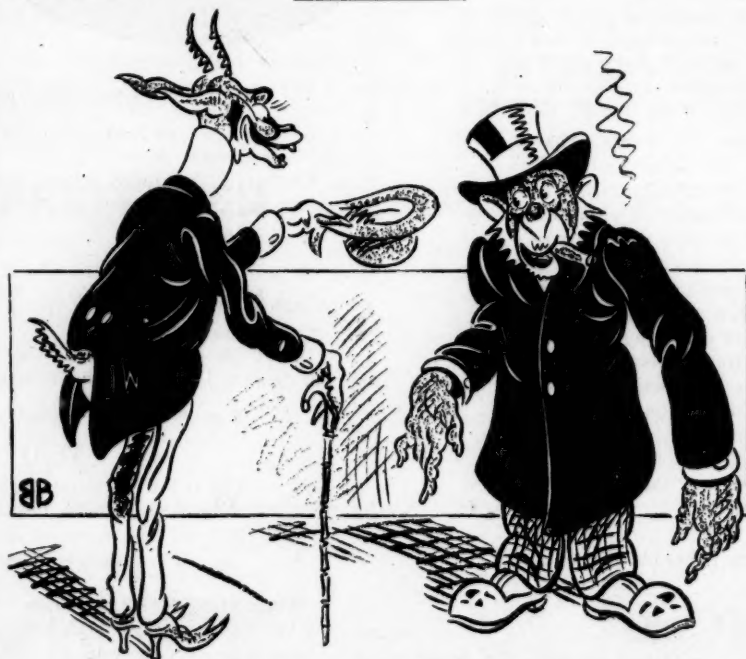
# WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

STAMFORD HAS a "get-married-quick" club, a member of which who  
does n't wed inside of six months must pay a fine of \$25. Some pessimists  
might say that it was cheaper to pay the fine.

A METHODIST PREACHER has quit Wading River, L. I., and gone to  
Brooklyn to live, because he found Wading River "too slow" for him. This  
should open our eyes to the fact that there are much slower places than Brooklyn.

THE BEET SUGAR INDUSTRY, which was bound to be ruined for all time,  
in the event of reciprocity with Cuba, is now a vigorous opponent of tariff  
reduction to the Philippines. Cuban Reciprocity, after all, does n't seem to  
have ruined it.



TO BE CONGRATULATED.

THE MONK.—How did you enjoy Mrs. Lion's party last night?

THE ANTELOPE.—Pretty well. I came through without a scratch.

Inactive liver, depressed spirits—make both right  
with Abbott's Angostura Bitters. The genuine Ab-  
bott's will revolutionize the system.

FOR SALE—A few choice lots in Port Arthur; five minutes' walk from  
the Japanese army; will be sold at a sacrifice.

IF YOU suffer from ennui, try the new and popular game, "Enjoining the  
Beef Trust." Endorsed by thousands everywhere. Easy. Absorbing.

How to keep Missouri Republican—that is the thing they're pondering  
over. An important matter, truly, but a simple one as well. Ship a safe majority  
from Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania will never miss it, and there you are.

## I. W. HARPER RYE

"On Every Tongue."

### GRAND PRIZE HIGHEST AWARD

AT ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR

Gold Medals at Paris, 1900; Chicago, 1893; New Orleans, 1885.  
By unanimous verdict of the world's best experts, I. W. HARPER  
is the world's best whiskey.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., Louisville, Ky.



A guesswork cocktail is always a  
new experiment. You rarely  
get the same thing twice from the  
same mixer.

CLUB COCKTAILS are scien-  
tifically blended from choicest  
liquors. Their aroma, taste,  
strength, are always uniformly ex-  
cellent, and their ageing is a virtue  
the tried taster can appreciate.

Always ready. Just strain  
through cracked ice and serve.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Ver-  
mouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin  
and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors  
Hartford New York London

Our endowment plan returns a  
man's accumulated earnings to him  
just at a time in his life when he most  
needs money—when his energies are  
waning. It is a good, wholesome,  
practical plan, and easy on the policy-  
holder. Read "The How and the  
Why"—free booklet.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,  
921-2-5 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

### Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only  
when the wine is satisfactory.



## GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the Standard of American  
Wines

Is the banquet wine par  
excellence. It is the fa-  
vorite in the homes where  
the choicest of everything  
is demanded.

"Of the six American  
Champagnes exhibited at  
the Paris Exposition of  
1900, the GREAT WEST-  
ERN was the only one  
that received a GOLD  
MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.  
Sole Makers, Rhineclay, N.Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

"GROUT WON'T pay light bills," the  
Sun announces. No use expecting  
him to pay heavy ones, then.

REMARKS a Russian Grand Duke:  
"These peasants think Russia exists  
for them, as a dog does for his fleas."  
There is some tall scratching ahead for  
Russia.

AN ESTEEMED exchange requests  
Chemist Wiley to give the analysis of  
Chicago maple syrup. We can beat  
Wiley to it. Here is the formula:  
Hickory shavings, glucose, water.





**HEALTHFULNESS, PURITY, AND CLEANLINESS** are the three essentials found in

# HIGH LIFE

These qualities are secured by the employment of expert brew masters and experienced help, a modern plant and the use of the best materials without regard to cost.

Ask for High Life.

**Miller** THE BEST MILWAUKEE BEER

MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

ON A recent trip across, the Campania "talked" with twelve liners. Another excellent reason for calling a ship "she."

A MEMBER of the Sphinx Club declares "that advertising is greater than art." Is this the secret of the Sphinx, or the "Secret of the Subway"?

A CHICAGO wrecking firm has paid \$50,000 for the St. Louis fair buildings. We did n't suppose Chicago would give that much for the whole of St. Louis itself.

HAPPY THOUGHT: To get the President by the ear, take him by the Loeb. This style of humor is taxed 60% ad valorem, which is why we don't import more of it.

YALE WANTS a new base-ball "cage" and does n't know where the money is to come from. Why not capitalize next fall's foot-ball team and float the stock in Wall Street?

# WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



"No, thank you! I want **WILLIAMS'** Shaving Soap. I beg your pardon, there isn't anything else 'just as good.' I have used Williams' Soap all my life and know what I am talking about. O, yes; I've tried the other kinds, but they were all failures—lather dried quickly, dulled my razor, smarted my face, made shaving a torture! Give me Williams' Soap, please; none of the 'just as good' kinds for me."

Williams' Soaps sold in the form of Shaving Sticks, Tablets, etc., everywhere.

Write for Free Booklet, "How to Shave."

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

FREE! Sample Tablet of Williams' Shaving Soap for sc. stamp to pay postage.

## BOND & LILLARD WHISKEY

AWARDED GRAND PRIZE St. Louis 1904.

The bottom layer of a box of

**Kuyler's CANDIES**

brings forth as many delicious morsels and surprises as the top layer.

863 & 150 BROADWAY,  
508 FIFTH AVE.  
21 W 42nd ST.  
NEW YORK

The Goodness, Freshness & Purity is the same all through.

CANDIES SENT EVERYWHERE BY MAIL OR EXPRESS.

YOU WON'T CARE FOR ORDINARY CHAMPAGNE AFTER YOU TRY ONE BOTTLE OF

**COOK'S Imperial CHAMPAGNE.**

SERVED EVERYWHERE



ALL HE WANTED.

THESPIAN (writing ad.).—If the thief who broke into Hamlet Hamfatter's rooms last night and stole a five-thousand-dollar diamond stud set in a blue polka-dot shirt, will be so good as to return the shirt—he may keep the diamond. No questions asked!

Bitters that benefit mind and body: Abbott's Angostura build up wasted tissue, brighten up the mental, and make new men and women.

## SURBRUG'S Arcadia MIXTURE.

"One need only to put his head in at my door to realize that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others."

My Lady Nicotine.

**FAMABELLA HAVANA CIGARS**  
"ARE THE PERFECTION OF BLENDS."

Made in nine sizes from the finest tobacco. Try the FAMABELLA, "Puritans" size, ten cents straight. "Conchas" size, three for twenty-five cents. You never smoked such quality for the price. For a short smoke try our "Opera" size for 5c. If not on sale in your City, we'll supply you direct. The names of the Presidents and their Cabinets from Washington to Roosevelt up to date, are contained in a beautifully illustrated booklet that we will send you FREE, on request to Dept. "E."

THE INDEPENDENCE COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street, NEW YORK.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

AGE AND PURITY  
MAKE  
**SUNNY BROOK**  
A PERFECT WHISKEY.



**"ATTENTION"**

The U. S. Government protects its citizens against COUNTERFEIT MONEY; it also protects them against COUNTERFEIT WHISKEY.

Genuine whiskey is bottled under government supervision in its pure natural state, and bears a little green stamp over the cork, which is the government guarantee that the whiskey is absolutely pure and properly aged. Every bottle of SUNNY BROOK WHISKEY bottled in bond bears this stamp.

THE ONLY WHISKEY AWARDED  
GRAND PRIZE AND GOLD MEDAL  
AT ST. LOUIS WORLDS FAIR



40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.  
A. SANTAELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.  
Sold by First-Class Dealers Everywhere.

Live the  
Simple Life  
BY DRINKING

**Evans' Ale**

SCANNING the attitude of certain conservative Congressmen, one would think that the railroad rebate and the secret freight rate were both guaranteed by the Constitution and that government without them would be anarchy uncontrolled.

Unlimited comforts are provided on The

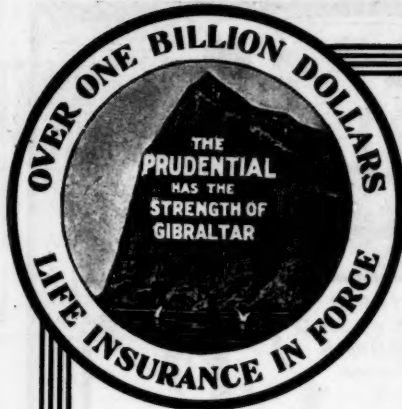
**California Limited**



Compartment Pullmans for those who seek seclusion; Observation Pullmans for those who wish to view the passing show; Buffet-smoking cars for those who enjoy club luxuries.

Daily, Chicago to Los Angeles and Frisco, through Southwest Land of Enchantment. Santa Fe All the Way.

For pamphlet of the train and California trip book, address General Passenger Office, A. T. & S. F. Ry., Chicago.



**January**

The month of beginnings. The month of two views—Forward and Backward.

Experience teaches foresight  
Foresight selects Life Insurance

in

**THE PRUDENTIAL**

for

The Protection of Family and Business interests and a practical method of saving—Begin Now—Write for particulars of a policy adapted to your needs.

**The Prudential Insurance Company of America**

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres. Dept. P. Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

Awarded Grand Prize at St. Louis Exposition, 1904



PAT'S OPINION.

MIKE.—Sure, th' doctor said Oi hod "tobaccy heart."

PAT.—Ye're safe, thin, Mike. If ut's annything loike th' tobaccy ye smoke ut's strong enough to shtand annything.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.





## PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

Wednesday, January 4, 1905.—No. 1453.

**NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.**—The contents of Puck are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain. Infringement of this copyright will be promptly and vigorously prosecuted.

### NOTICE

Rejected contributions will positively **NOT** be returned, unless stamps are furnished.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Cor. Houston and Elm Sts., New York.

THE HEART to Heart talk invented by the Lady from Philadelphia is one of the real achievements of the Nineteenth Century.

PUCK means to have such a thing once a week with his friends and advertisers in order that he and they may get closer together.

He wants his advertisers to know certain things about him that is to their advantage—as well as his—for them to know.

It will be the object of these weekly talks to knit more closely together this family of Artists, Humorists, Editors, Readers and Advertisers who make this paper possible and profitable.

TO HIS readers PUCK desires to say that he has been a pretty busy young person this autumn getting together the potentialities which shall make him stronger in 1905 than he has ever been before.

Retaining the loyal support of the picture makers he has had to help him in the past, he has been at some pains latterly to bring others into the field.

The cartoon work of Keppler, Pughe and Ehrhart during the coming year is to be supplemented by the pens of Levering, Nankivell and Hamilton.

The subject matter will be wider in scope and will include cartoons on social topics which will be handled with a polite severity.

Politics will not be ignored, but all tendencies toward partisan bias will be suppressed and the heads that will be hit will be the heads that deserve to be hit, whether they are Democratic, Republican, Socialistic or Prohibition.

Absolute independence will be the keynote of Puck's political position, and in dealing with social problems fearlessness will characterize his efforts.

In his text Puck proposes to be worth reading and worth thinking about, and not a line will appear in his columns that is not original with him.

He is doing his best to encourage the best writers of current humor to give him a chance at their best work.

He has organized a staff of competent satiric observers of current events to give to each issue of his paper the substance which shall make it something more than a mere budget of jokes.

And timeliness will be so essential a feature of his product that when you miss a copy of PUCK you will really miss something that you ought to have seen.

He will be more than seasonable, he will be topical, and his shafts as they speed from his bow-string will be aimed at least at the very bull's-eye of the particular target with which for the time being the public mind is concerning itself.

The best humor of all times has been that which has serious thinking behind it, and Puck's fun-makers without abating one jot of their buoyancy are thinking good and hard in order to give their jests the real point that goes to the heart of things and does not merely titillate or sting the flesh with a pin prick.

THE EFFECT of all this effort upon PUCK's readers is a point our advertisers will do well to keep in mind.

Who is aware for instance that there is not a portion of the civilized world to which a goodly bundle of PUCKS does not go out every week?

There isn't an Army Post in the United States, nor are there many British Army Messes to which this periodical does not go with a regularity that has become chronic.

There isn't a State, City, Town or Village in the Union where he is not a constant and welcome visitor in thousands, hundreds or scores.

Into Clubs amounting to thousands, where he is read diligently by quite two score members in each, he goes week after week, in some cases as many as three copies of him being necessary to supply the needs of a single organization.

All of which, Mr. Advertiser, means readers by the million and what is more readers of intelligence, readers of discrimination, men and women upon whose minds the constant reiteration of your advertisements makes such an impression that the objects you advertise are indelibly impressed as the objects they must have when their purchases lead them to acquire something in your line.

This is worth thinking about and when you have thought it over you will do well to communicate with our office not tentatively but substantially and for the benefit of all concerned.

### AND NO DISCHARGE

Bang the hammer of a loaded Iver Johnson against the table; throw the revolver around as carelessly as you would a handkerchief; handle it as roughly as you may, and there can be positively no discharge—don't do this with any other make of revolver if you value your life.

## IVER JOHNSON REVOLVERS

are the *only* revolvers absolutely safe from accidental discharge—as safe in the home as the kitchen stove. The reason lies in the fact that the hammer never touches the firing pin, and the firing pin never comes in contact with the cartridge except when the trigger is pulled *all the way back*.

Our Booklet, "SHOTS," mailed free with our descriptive catalogue, proves these claims and describes Iver Johnsons with complete illustrations. May we send it to you?

**IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC**  
Price: Hammer, \$5.00; Hammerless, \$6.00

Iver Johnsons are sold by dealers the world over, or direct from us if your dealer won't supply you.

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, FITCHBURG, MASS.**

You can't  
fire it  
unless you  
pull the  
Trigger



MONEY SPENT in a political campaign is money wasted, says Bourke Cockran. Does the man want *all* of it?

DR. FOX of New Jersey advises women not to marry a man till they know his past. This is the hottest argument for race suicide we have observed.

## THE EQUITABLE

JANUARY • 1905

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

HENRY B. HYDE

FOUNDER



J. W. ALEXANDER

PRESIDENT

J. H. HYDE

VICE PRESIDENT

## DON'T

let another year  
pass away without

giving to your family the protection  
that life assurance alone can give.

By means of an Endowment  
Policy in the Equitable you can not  
only give them this protection but at  
the same time provide for your  
own maturer years.

Send coupon below, for particulars.

Splendid opportunities for men of character to act as representatives.  
Write to GAGE E. TARBELL, 2nd Vice President.

**THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES**  
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Dept. No. 26.

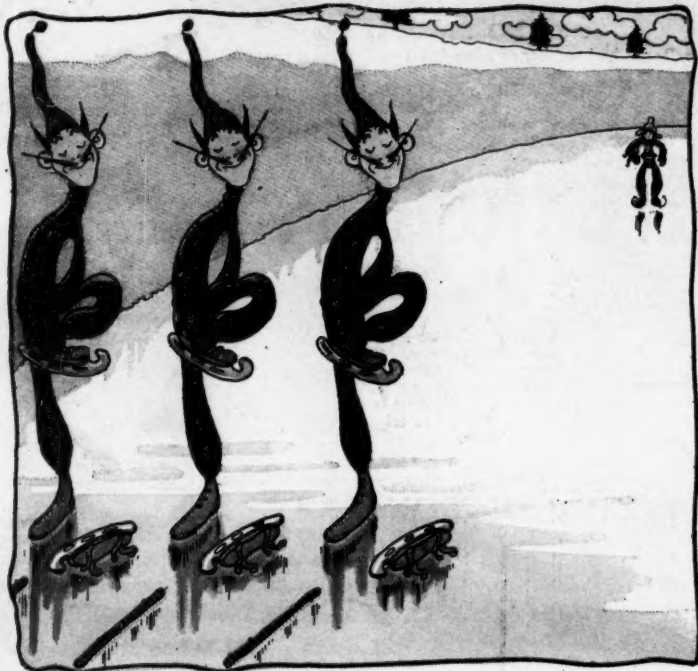
Please send me information regarding an Endowment policy for \$..... if issued at ..... years of age.

Name .....

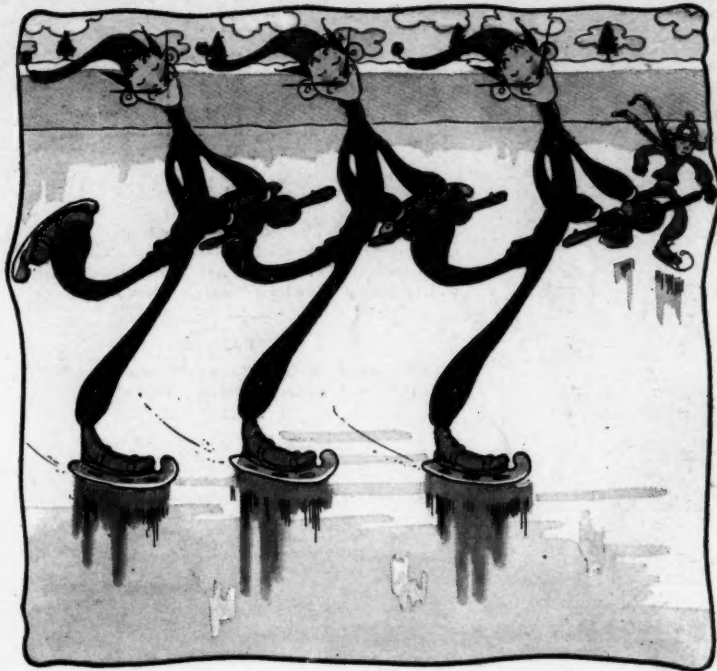
Address .....

**Morning, Noon and Night Fast Trains to The West—Via NEW YORK CENTRAL.**





I.



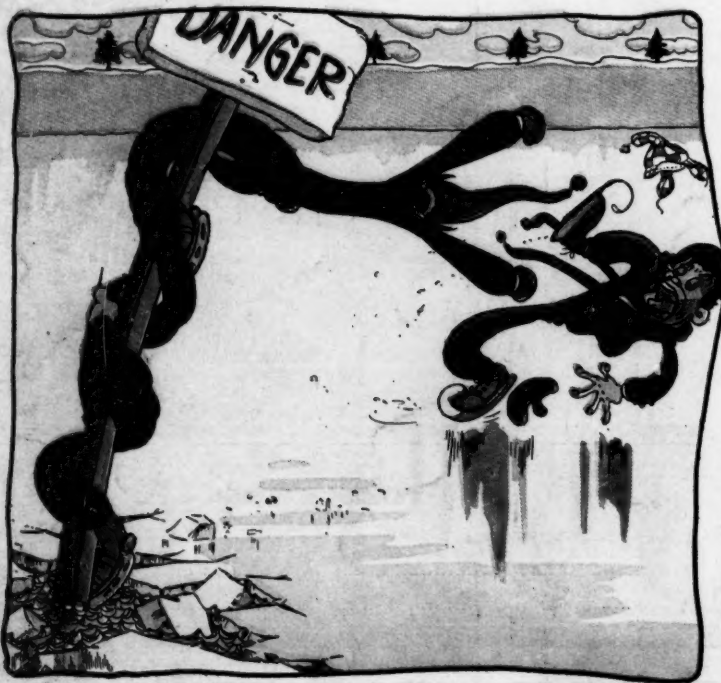
II.



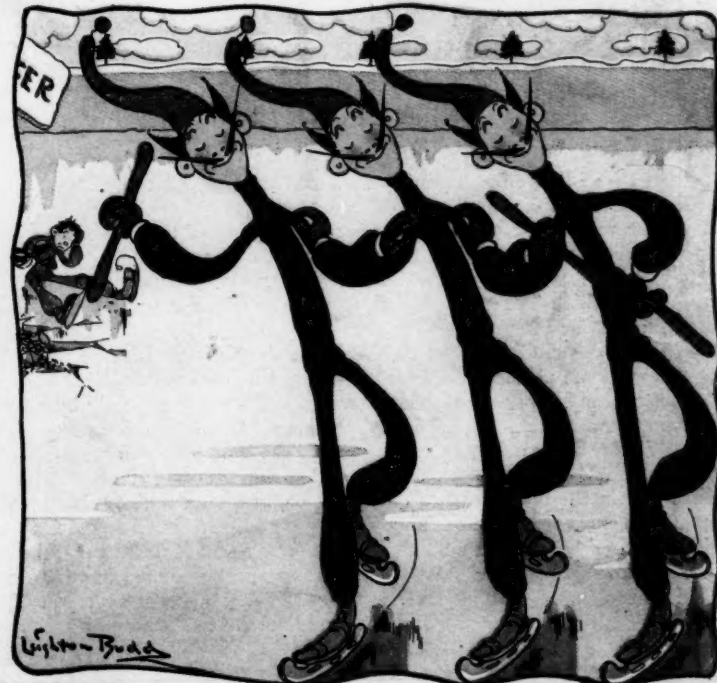
III.



IV.



V.



VI.

THE PUCK PRESS

# AN ICY SURPRISE.

THE TUMBLEBUG BROTHERS START THE NEW YEAR WITH A SKATE.